OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

VOL. 21. NO. 5. BARIUM SPRINGS, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914. PRICE $1 A YEAR.

Men we have Known IN Church and State.

By Wm. Laurie Hill.

Brother Forbes a Local Preacher in The Methodist Church.

In calling to mind the men of a past generation who wielded an influence for good over those with whom they came in contact, I cannot forget one man, who made no pretension to culture, who perhaps was rarely for any length of time a student in an old field school, and yet that man was a powerful preacher of the simple old fashion Gospel, and won many souls from the ways of sin, to a Godly life.

The Celebrated Cary said, "he preached the Gospel, and cobbled shoes to pay expenses." This dear old man was known over the country side as Brother Forbes. He lived across Dan River not a great way from Milton, and he too wrought as Farmer and coal-burner, to pay expenses, while he preached on Sundays, for just what the people would give him. It was in the early days of coal-cured Tobacco, and this gave life to a new business in the border counties of Virginia and North Carolina. There were people who made a livingburning coal kilns, and selling the Coal to the Tobacco Farmers. Brother Forbes was so well known throughout his neighbourhood, that he readily found sale for all his char-coal, and as he lived in a frugal manner he had ample income to live in comfort.

There was a little Country church about two miles from Milton known as Connolley's meeting House, and as they had only services about twice a month being unable to pay for more Gospel services, there was held there every year, a protracted meeting, and many good preachers came to their help at this time. It was in those meetings that brother Forbes took delight, and he was always gladly welcomed, for in his plain way, he always gave his hearers "the well beaten oil of the Gospel." I think I can see old brother Forbes now in his plain homes pun suit of black: a man of medium size, with dark complection, and well defined features. His hands hard with the toil of the ax and the hoe, his movements slow and deliberate, his words remarkable well chosen and everything about him claiming your attention. Mounted on his plow nag with a change of clothes and his Bible in a pair of old saddle-bags he is on his was to Brother Oldham Connolly's where he will be entertained while holding services at the meeting house.

One the best read Lawyers we ever knew and a master of good English, having heard of Brother Forbes, went on one occasion to hear him, and in describing the sermon to a group of intelligent gentlemen, said. "I was never more pleased or astonished in my life, the old man seemed to be master of his subject: and his exordium was worthy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. Some of his ideas although crude were brought out with a skill and power, that you rarely see surpassed in a Collegian, and he seemed to fasten the attention of every one present."

There was an old Farmer who lived in "the Connolly's neighborhood whom will call Bobby Wall. "Uncle Bobby," as all the neighbors called him, was a very emotional man, and in these protracted meetings, always got happy and would shout. He had another characteristic, and that was his love for the juice of the apple. Hard cider was his weakness, and he was rarely thoroughly sober in cider beating time,

It was at one of these protracted meetings that Brother Forbes, "put on the rousements" to such and extent that Uncle Bobby out-shouted himself.

Several of the boys from Milton were down at the spring, and hearing an unusual amount of shouting, one of them exclaimed "Come on boys, let's go to the meeting house Uncle Bobby is through again."

Continued on fourth page.

What The World Owes The Arabs.

The word "Arab" suggests to the ordinary mind a fierce-looking, swarthy horseman ready to commit the greatest possible depredations. As a matter of fact, the world owes to the Arab a very great deal. inasmuch as the Arabs of the Middle Ages were a race of very brilliant scholars, artists and inventors.

In the first place, we are indebted to them for the oridnary figures that we use, for the science and the name of algebra, and for the almanacs.

The Arabs wove the choicest fabrics of wool, silk and cotton; they made carpets of a splendor that has never been equaled; they manufactured cloth of gold; their divans had satin cushions and velvet hangings; and the Arab bride had muslins and laces of almost fairylike texture.

The jewelry of the Arabs was the costliest and fairest of the age in which they lived. Gold and silver—the finest ornamentation possible—adorned the the mosque and palaces.

Metal work was the wonder of the age. The coinage of the Arabs was the model of the Eastern world. The steel of Damascus was renowed all through the civilized world. Wonderful bars and chains of iron were forged by the most skilled hands.

The Arabs as architects, invented a very strangely beautiful style af building in which the artist seemedto let his fancy, "run wild" in his new creations, and yet these effects have been copied and recopied by artists of the present and late past.

As students, the Arabs very eagerly sought for knowledge among the ruins of the old Greek literature, and they gave to the students of Cordova and Bagdad translations of the poets and philosophers of Athens and Rome— translations that have been handed down to the student of the present day.

Although the great nobles of France and England at this time could scarcely read and write, the Arabian schools and colleges were thronged with attentive students from whom were produced many eminent poets and graceful writers. The Caliphs did much to encourage education, and so ardently did they support popular education that colleges were founded in many of the largest cities, such as Bagdad and Cordova, which became models of those of England and France. It was Haroun Al Raschid who decreed that a free school should be attached to every mosque.

Foreign Mission Collection

Another effort has been made recently in Little Joe's Church for the cause of Foreign Missions which resulted in securing about $100.00.

This with the amount given at Christmas will make the total sum paid by our people about $225.00 as a special offering to this work.

We are gratified at this showing. It indicates an interest that we are truly glad to see.

—We have received from "the Bureau of Railway Economics" their summary of review and expenses of steam roads in the United States. Their figures are all based on per centage, and these statements are instructive, giving cost of operating per mile and nevenew per mile in the Eastern, Southern and Western districts of the county. These statements are valuable to keep and refer to.

The Statistics Law

In some places in North Carolina the undertakers, doctors midwives are not reporting births and deaths. They do not seem to know that the new vital statistics law means business. In several of the counties the death and birth rates, according to the first month's reports are so low that they are absurd.

—Yesterday was April-fool day.

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—The occasion was observed appropriately by all the children.

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—Many and varied were the means used by the children to fool some one and make the day thoroughly enjoyable.

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—Miss Templeton enjoyed a week-end visit at her home in Mooresville, returning Monday morning.

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—Miss Mary Kenna Walker went to Elmwood last Friday evening to visit relatives, returning Saturday evening.

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—In the absence of Rev. W. M. Walsh on next Sunday Rev. A. S. Caldwell will fill the pulpit in Little Joe's Church at 3:30 o'clock.

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—With this issue closes the Editorship of Wm. Laurie Hill, his work lapped over into April, and therefore his name appears as Editor in this issue. The next issue will give the new management.

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—With the Easter lilies and the fragrant violets springing forth on our campus, and the pathetic note of the dove in the near-by field, we are reminded by these pleasant harbingers that spring has arrived at last. Welcome!

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—The pleasant, warm weather of the past week has curtailed our wood and coal bill, and in a few more weeks the stoves that have proven such warm friends will become a nuisance for the time being.

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—Messrs. McNeil and Rudy of Statesville came down Saturday afternoon to be present at Editor Hill's supper, having been invited along with other people from a distance to be guests of Mr. Hill.

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—Easter comes on April 12th. this year. This is the next date our children are looking forward to with pleasure as it gives promise of an egg hunt if our hens will only get in a notion to lay. They are not exactly on a strike but are not making a very good showing.

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—The Howard Cottage girls had a genuine tacky party last Friday night. Some of the black-face comediennes acted their part so well that a stranger would have been forced to believe they had worn a dark complexion all of their lives All the girls present contributed to the fun-making and the event was enjoyed immensely, by every one present. Miss Crane was master of Ceremonies.

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—Our good friend Mrs. E. D. Brown of Loray seems never to forget the Orpanage. Miss Barnette received a box from her this week, and, oh! the good things in that box, linger in taste and memory. Salad, chicken, cakes, and other sweets. But the sweetest part of it all, was being so graciously and abundantly remembered. Many thanks good friend.

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—A few days ago several of our small boys were discussing how the epidemic of mumps got started in the Home. They found it very difficult to agree upon any satisfactory explanation as to its origin. Finally one of the little fellows expressed the idea that the first boy caught it from an opossum that the boys had caged on the campus. The question with them is, do possums have mumps?

—Mr. Robert L. Moize, who was one of the first boys reared in the Home and who has been our mechanic for about two years, has resigned and accepted work with the Atlantic Coast Line Railway at Rocky Mount. Mr. and Mrs. Moize left for that place last week. Mr. Moize is a good mechanic and we feel sure he will suceed any where he goes.

* * * *

—The birthday supper given by Editor Hill Saturday evening was an occasion that will be pleasantly remembered for a long long time by all the faculty and children who were fortunate enough to be entitled to a seat around the table. Probably no occasion since Chrisimas was looked forward to with greater delight and expectancy than was Mr. Hill's birthday supper. If we cared to make a splurge as leaders of society and act like big folks we would call this supper a banquet or dinner, but as we had already had dinner more than six hours previously and as our children all called it a supper we will call it a supper; but remember it was in the same class as those functions known as banquets. About thirty children, including those that were born in March and our printing office force, and six members of the faculty enjoyed Mr. Hill's hospitality. Mr. Hill went to Charlotte last Friday to purchase supplies for the supper and it was necessary for the wagon to meet the express train from Charlotte on the following morning. This looked like business to our printer boys, and they saved their appetites at dinner in order to have them keen and sharp for supper. After a long afternoon of impatient waiting the supper bell at last summoned us to the dining hall. In the dinning hall we found four tables lined up reaching all the way across the dinning hall which were almost groaning under the load of one of the most delicious meals ever spread in our dining hall. It seems that cruel fate decreed that the boys most skilled in eating should sit in the middle of the table on each side, and the writer had the misfortune to fall in with this band. Editor Hill, who presided at the head of the table, had hardly finished the "blessing" when we opened our eyes and got a glimpse of a leg of a chicken, bone and all, disappearing in the mouth of a young man just across the way, and then it seemed a cyclone swept across the center of the table and the food began to roll back towards the ends as did the water of Jordan in olden times, and the table was swept clean in the center. Of course it was not exactly this way, but the point that we are trying to make is that there was no undue formality displayed by the boys in showing Mr. Hill how much they appreciated his kindness. It is useless to give a list of the bill of fare. It is sufficient to say that we had everything good to eat that the inner man could desire. Editor Hill made a short talk, and was followed by Mr. Rudy who added to the merriment of the occasion, and closed with a few complimentary remarks in high tribute to Mr. Hill, and wishing him many happy returns of the day. The words of Mr. Rudy expressed the sentiments of all those present. Others were called upon for a speech but begged to be excused on the ground that they were too full to respond. The only sad feature of the occasion is that this is Mr. Hill's last birthday celebration at Barium, which is regretted by every one entitled to share this honor with him.

Every Strand Counts

The rope was old and the load very heavy. Just when the tug was hardest, the cable parted, and down came the weight which was being lifted.

"What can we do now?" some one asked, ruefully looking at the frayed ends of the rope. "It is right in the middle of the day's work and miles to any place where a new rope may be procured How could it be worse?"

Then some one thought of an old man not far away who had traveled the world over and done many kinds of things. Might it not be possible that he could splice the broken rope?

"Surely I can!" came back the cheery response to the question which was carried to the old man. "I learned how to do it of an old ship man. "I will do it for you, and be glad."

Out on the floor the rope was laid, the broken ends together. The hands gathered about him in a little group, everyone hoping that he might catch the secret while the old man twined the ends of the cable together.

"One thing yon have to do—give every strand its place. Every single one of them counts."

Deftly weaving the strands back into place, the cheery old neighbor soon had the rope strong once more.

And the men looking on had learned the secret—every strand in its place. Something for the smallest fiber to do.

Every strand counts. Where? In school work. A young man wrote me not long ago: "I do not feel satisfied with my work here in the medical college. "I am not mastering it all. I am leaving out two many importance details." The answer? Take more time. If you need to stay another year in school, stay Master your work.

The strands count in society. Feel that you count in everything that relates to the life going on around you. The man who makes th world better is the man who has a good, clean heart and lifts where there is need of lifting. One boy who fails of doing the work assigned him in the community weakens the entire fabric of society.

The strands count in business. Every young man doing his work and doing it steadily through the day—this is what gives prosperity to the firm which employs him. Shirking or lounging impairs business.

And every strand counts in the higher life. Is the life of the young people's society languishing in your community? Look well to it that you are doing the very best you can. Mend the broken rope. Get into the place where you are needed and lift hard.

Tiny threads make up the strand. Strands are the strength of the mighty cable. The world life depends upon the individual members of which it is composed. Are you in your place? Are you lifting your share of the load?

—We have received Bulletin No. 225 of the North Carolina Experiment Station. It treats of how shall farmers organize, and gives many good suggestions for an organization that shall be effective. This publication is of vital importance to all farmers. Send for one.

—We stated last week that the price of the post cards of the Home is fifteen cents a dozen. We over-shot the mark slightly. The price is fifteen cents a set (7 views), instead of fifteen cents a dozen. They are worth this price and more to anyone who is interested in the Home and wishes to help our little girls in their efforts to help the cause of missions. Seven cards for fifteen cents is the price.

—We must have been hungry last week when we wrote that it requires two barrels of flour to furnish bread for our tables, or we would not have made the mistake in stating that our children move two barrels a day when as a matter-of-fact they eat only one barrel. We intended writing two sacks, or one barrel.

How the Children ARE Trained in the Home

By One of the Boys.

VII—MECHANICAL TRAINING

To such boys as keep their eyes open and try to see and understand the work that is going on around them, our mechanical department offers a splendid opportunity for training in a trade that is fast transforming this old world, with all of its crude, undeveloped resources, into a place that could be called heaven; if all the wickedness were removed and the march of invention continued for the next several centuries at the pace it has heen going for the past century. Yes, in this department our boys are given a limited opportunity to become a "jack of all trades."

The number of boys who are given the advantages of working around the shop is limited to about six boys, who are carefully selected from the large number that work on the farm. Such boys as show an inclination to be a born mechanic are selected for the shop work. But we do not mean to infer that the farm boys are a scrap-heap from which all the good material is selected for the other departments. This is not the case; we have some boys working on the farm that are doing such good work and progressing so nicely that no thought of changing them is entertained for a minute.

Our Home is in reality a little city—planned, laid off and constructed like a city. This being true our work shop is called upon to do the things that a shop would be expected to do in a large city, but of course our work is on a much smaller scale.

But our mechanical department offers many advantages not found in any other shop. We have a combinaton of a half-dozen or more trades in which our boys are trained in so far as the needs of the Home require.

We have quite a large amount of machinery in the several departments of the Home. When any of it gets out of order or needs repairing it is up to our shop force to do the work. Our boys do not do all of the work in such a case, but they assist the mechanic, and if they are alert they can readily learn how it is done. In this way they are given the opportunity to learn and it is their fault if they do not make good use of the opportunity.

Since we have installed electric lights our boys are given a chance to learn to wire buildings and as the power to run our machinery is furnished by motors instead of a steam engine as formerly, our boys are enabled to get a start in the electrician's trade as the motors must receive attention from time to time.

Then along with our water works we must have a plumber, and as additions and repairs are continually being added to our system, the boys are given training in a plumbers trade.

Another branch in which our boys figure most is in the carpenter work. The only reason we know why our shop boys should not make good carpenters is because they are lacking in energy. There is always plenty of carpenter work to be done as we can find plenty of improvements and repass to be made on our buildings any time we can find time to do the work. Every now and again they are given a chance to show their skill in the erection of a barn or some other out building.

We also have a great amount of painting and plastering to be done in our efforts to keep the buildings in repair. This adds a beginning in still another trade that offers a wide and lucrative field to all those who make a study and profession of the work. Besides plaster and brick work the mechanical force does considerable concrete work and the boys are given an opportunity to learn how this is done.

At one time we made our own shoes for the children, and a

Continued on fourth page.

Our Fatherless Ones

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

Published Weekly by the Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barium Springs, as second-class matter.

On the expiration of time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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5 to 10 Subscriptions.....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs.....60 cts. per year
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THURSDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1914.

TO THE READERS OF OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

It has not been quite five years since I was elected by the Regents Editor of Our Fatherless Ones, and begun the work of constructing a weekly paper, that should be the mouthpiece of the Home.

I found a very poor equipment, two little hand presses, and a lot of much worn type, constituted the outfit. At that time, we had to haul our forms to Statesville over the dirt road and this necessitated two boys and the old buggy, twice a week; besides having to pay Mr. Brady for press work.

Good brother Wakefield of Sainted memory, most earnestly seconded my efforts to get a power press, and by dint of hard work and begging we finally installed a good press, and have succeeded in paying for it a little at a time. The cost of the new press, and putting old Job press in repair was $675.00. At that time we had about 600 Subscribers, and one advertisement worth $25.00 a year to the paper, and the plant, before the addition of the press and about $100 worth of newer type, was worth not over $500.00.

The impression has gone forth that "Our Fatherless Ones" has been a drag upon the Home.

Those best informed, do not think so, and still there are those that do think so.

This impression is in no sense true. The plant to-day is worth over $1300.00 and our present subscription list is over 1650 paying subscribers, worth $1500.00. Add to this an advertising patronage of $500.00 a year, and you have a showing of which no paper be ashamed.

I have received from the Publicity Committee notification that after April 1st my services as Editor will be no longer needed, but the managament will be turned over to Rev. W. T. Walker until the next meeting of the Regents.

In view of this notification it behoves me to make the foregoing Statement of the former and present status of the paper that I may clear myself in the eyes of the church, from any charge of failure in duty during my administration. I have given to Our Orphanage the best, and most consecrated efforts of heart and brain, and confidently leave my record in the hand of the church at large.

With an earnest prayer for this paper that is very dear to my heart. I bid my readers Goodbye, Wm. Laurie Hill.

WHOLESOME CRITICISM ALWAYS WELCOME.

An old friend in renewing his subscription to Our Fatherless Ones took occasion to say some good things about us, and also to give us a little whack. He objected to a piece of plate matter, that, had we examined it beforehand, would not have gone. It was a short piece that was put in to fill up, as it had a rather taking title. We dont use plate matter except in a pushing time, when we really havent the force to get up original matter, We have as little use for higher criticism as any body we believe in an old fashioned Bible, a triune God, and a sure-enough Devil.

In Criticism of our division of words our friend must remember that, we have only boys from 9 to 16 years of age working on our paper and while they are smart and we are proud of them, they will make mistakes that we cant catch up with every time we frequently find bad errors in our best daily's.

PROGRESSIVNESS AND WOMAN.

In these days of high pressure progressivness. We look with wonder upon the many forms this progressiveness assumes. We do not believe in standing still politcally or otherwise, and yet there is such a thing in this world as activity without progress, and many movements are made that are not progress, at least in the right direction. It seems we are now to have a progressive party within the democratic party and the Republican party is also divided into "the old standpatters, and the progressives.

Meanwhile in the midst of all this hullabaloo, woman steps foward and says "We too demand the ballot," and must have a say in this government," and they too claim to be very progressive.

The methods that have been adopted by many women to secure the ballot. clearly shows that they at least are unfit for the ballot, and have not the first qualification for citizenship. Men that wont only destroy public or private property are punished by law, and having made themselves felons, have taken from them, the right of citizenship.

Citizenship is not an inherant right any more than is wealth. A youth of twenty years of age although intelligent and in physique a man cannot vote until he reach the age prescribed by law. A foreigner although he may own property in this country is not a citizen unless he swears allegience to our government, So all who have a stake in a country are not citizens.

What hardship is wrought upon woman by denying her the place of a man in the government? especially when the place she claims, practically unsexes her, and loses for her the protection that has been secured to her since the passing of the Feudal age.

The status of woman has vastly improved in the the last hundred years, and we claim, that as daughter, wife, mother, and mistress of the Home life of a nation; she occupied a place God given and far higher than will be conferred by any political Franchise that may be granted her.

We are watching the signs of the times and very much fear that constant aggitation may yet grant woman what her louder sisters are clamoring for: but when it does come, remember, we tried all we could, to save her from the consequences that are sure to follow: to save them from themselves.

THE IMPUDENCE OF MEXICO.

The worst environment any nation can have is bad neighbors. An alien people who do not know nothing of self-government and have not the slightest idea of liberty, inhabit Mexico, one of the most desirable parts of the American Continent.

Other nations are looking with longing eyes upon that fair land, and were we living in the eighteenth century, instead of to-day, Mexico would soon succumb to some strong power as she did to Spain centuries ago.

It is a mongrel people composed of the decendents of the Spaniards the descendents of the natives. and Indians, It is conceeded that 20 per cent only of the population is white, 43 per cent mixed races, and 37 per cent Indians,

What is the world to hope for, from Eleven Millions of such people?

Nothing but the Christian Religion and an improved education will over make them other than semi Civilized. And to-day with the Catholic Church astride of their backs, Mexico is almost as badly priest-ridden as Spain.

The impudence of those factional leader is only equalled by their ignorance, and blood-thirsty hatred of "the Gringoes." as they call all Americans. We have been long-suffering, and nothing but our compassion for the innocent who must suffer, has kept the United States from marching an army once more to the city of Mexico, and dictating a lasting peace.

This may be necessary even yet, but let us hope that "a hands off policy," will bring the much desired peace, and restore good government to Mexico. Were a few Millions of Japanese to get a foothold in Mexico we should have another problem to solve.

WHY SHOULD WE NOT HAVE A Y. M. C. A. AT BARIUM SPRINGS?

We have at Our Orphanage a number of youths running from twelve to seventeen and eighteen years of age. Nearly all of these boys are enrolled as members of the church, and yet there is no active church work being done among them, for their own good, or the good of others.

There are also youths in the neighborhood that attend Little Joe's Church, and they might be greatly benefited by working in a Y. M. C. A. association. The only way to develope a young active christian is to give him something to do for Christ. To go on year after in youth and young manhood, doing no Christian work, is to drone away ones life, and lose our chance for developing into an active christian. One reason our churches are so sleepy and inactive, is that we are handi-capped by too many drones who have never learned to do anything for the master.

We cannot help thinking that a Y. M. C. A. would be a good thing for Barium.

Boy Invented Dynamo.

The electric generator, or dynamo, was actually due to an experiment by a sixteen-year old boy.

Prof. Henry, a scientist of fame in the first half of the last century, had experimented exhaustively in electricity, ndeavoring to get from chemical batteries a current that could be commercially used. But he could not sufficiently reduce the expense of the chemicals. He discarded a group of revolving magnets as useless, giving it to his son as a plaything. After the boy had amused himself with twirling it, and adjusting it in accordance with his own ideas, he secured one of the little testing instruments a galvanometer—used by the professor for detecting the electric current, and, hooking on the wires in the way he had seen his father attach them, he continued twirling the magnets. While he was doing this, the professor entered the room, and was astonished to see the needle of the galvanometer drawn to one side, showing the existence of an electric current. This had never before been produced by such magnets without the used of a chemical battery. Within two hours Professor Henry had attached the discarded magnets to a lathe, and, by quick, steady revolutions, produced a current and an amazing spark. The true dynamic electric generator had been discovered!

When it is considered that every electric power plant. every electric lighting plant, and every electric railway in the world are based upon that boy's play-hour revelation of the possibility of making an electric current without the use of chemicals, this little known instance of what boys have done for the world is entitled to a very high place.— St. Nicholas.

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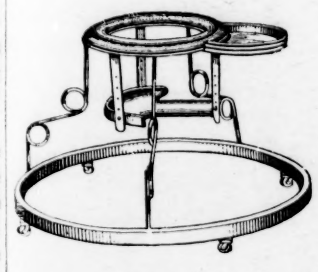

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THURSDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1914.

In A Siberian Bank

You may never enjoy the privilege of cashing a check in a Siberian bank, but who can tell? Anyway, it will broaden your view to know something about the peculiar ways with which our globe-trotters become so thoroughly acquainted.

An English tourist, in a recent work, describes in a graphic manner a few of his experiences at Minusinsk. The city of Minusinsk boasts a population of fifteen thousand and forms one of the ganglia of the commercial world in those regions. It is the administrative center of the Russian Government for those parts, and, being near Mongolia in the south central part of Sibera, it naturally forms a depot for import and export over a considerable territory. Retail buyers of grain and live stock must frequent its sole bank to receive and forward moneys. Traders bound for Mongolia, where they intend to purchase skins and wool, come to this center to borrow their funds for the season. The Minusinsk bank, is by no means below the average.

At the entrance of the low, dingy building, a policeman keeps guard day and night. Being well armed, he might look formidable enough, were it not that his fists are always filled with pine or sun-flower seeds which he is munching—just like every other Siberian whose hands are not otherwise engaged.

At the time our tourist entered the frame structure there was a motley crowd of Russians, Tartars and Mongolians who had come there about the time the bank opened and did not plan to leave until its close. For it is customary among those people to make a holiday out of every financial transaction.

Behind the counter, perched loftily upon their stools, was a row of clerks. No writing machine had entered this municipality, as yet, to disturb the people's gossip with its clicking. Every clerk applied himself with such care and calm that his manuscrips might easily have gained prizes in any of our writing contests. Every few minutes he stopped to drink a cup of tea.

Before attempting to reach the counter, the tourist had presented his credentials to the manager of the bank so that no obstacle was possible from that direction. Government letters provided him with unquestionable identification. Of course, he must wait his turn, until that greasy crowd that had come to leisure had leisurely been served. The time he was compelled to wait was really surprisingly brief—only an hour. It would be only a few minutes, now, before he could walk off with his cash. Perhaps! He explained to a red-faced youth what he wanted. The clerk immediately retired to a corner. Everything was going propitously, so far.

For some reason or other, though, that clerk did not return as quickly as might have been expected. For fifteen minutes the tourist stood waiting by the counter, and for another fifteen minutes, and then for a half hour more—altogether exactly an hour. Then a different clerk came sliding up to him and asked him to explain just what he wished done for him.

Explain he did, with all the grace he could muster. When he had waited another thirty minutes, it was made known to him that his particular business; and that particular counter, had no business relations whatever. He must present his check at a different desk.

Fortunately there were no others ahead of him at that assigned desk, so that his case was taken up at once. It took him fifteen minutes to get his wishes filtered down through that new clerk's cranium; another fifteen minutes to get his ideas digested; a full half hour to see the work well executed on the other side of the counter; and finally still fifteen minutes to finish all the signing and the red tape and to find actual cash in his hands instead of the check which three hours before he had handed to a clerk.

No wonder he determined, then and there, never again to enter a Siberian bank for business, unless he was prepared to spend the day.

Unity Not Uniformity.

In much that is said today about Christian union it is vehemently urged that the goal is one visible Church. This is the thought behind the invitation which is frequently made to the Churches to bewail and confess the sin of division. To all such the high priestly prayer of Jesus in the upper room was a prayer for organic oneness. But there are many who sincerely believe that the oneness for which our Saviour prayed is spiritual unity, not an external but an internal unity. This view is excellently put by a correspondent of the "Advance," who is a minister of the Church of the Disciples. "Unity is not uniformity, and is possible only where variety exists, nor is it conformity to the external, but is oneness of feeling. The prayer of Jesus for unity does not obligate His disciples to stand at the same theological, scientific, exegetical, or ecclesiastical angle of vision which would produce a wearisome monotony indeed to borrow from Wordsworrh, 'the tedium of fantastic idleness' but that while they differ in their opinions, in their interpretation of the truth, in their methods of work and modes of worship, and in organization, they might be one in spirit, yet giving to their experience a diversity of expression. Wesley could not express his experience in the terminology of Calvin, nor Spurgeon in the logic of Edwards, while Campbell's mode of expression differed from that of Robertson of Brighton. When the Congregationalist and the Baptist in the some community, each standing loyally by his conviction of essential truth, cultivate oneness of feeling for each other, they answer the prayer of Jesus and keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. The quality of mind that will differ in the head and will agree in the heart, and will join hands in a united work as occasion may arise, contains the inward nature of unity. Christ will endorse an emphasis however strong on such a unity: and He will develop a variety in unity toward whatever destiny He may have in His purpose. Christ is not willing for His followers to stop thinking."

An Extensive Orqhanage.

Years ago, according to the Kansas City "Star," there was in a little town in Wisconsin a boy ten years of age, whose father had died, leaving a widow and seven children. They were very poor, and to support her family the mother did the washing and any other remunerative labor. Once while taking to a neighbor a washing which she had just finished, she sat down to rest and, oppressed by the hardships of her life, the tears ran down her cheeks. The ten year old son seeing them said, "You just wait, Mama, till I get to be a big man, and rich, and you won't have to wash any more, nor any other woman won't, either. I'll take care of all the poor widows and orphans." The boy was Charles Page, who is now of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and is a milionaire. He is undertaking to keep his childish vow. He is beginning to build an orphanage that will take care of a thousand orphans, and a hundred poor widows. He has one home with seventy children in it, and during this winter will build another home capable of taking care of 200 more, and when that is finished he proposes to build others until he has reached the limit of 1,000. He has already built eight houses for widows, has four more under construction, and will have one hundred built this winter. For these children Mr. Page will furnish a play-ground a lake for swimming and boating, a wading pool, a hospital, a zoological garden, a kindergarten and a grad d school and high school costing $40,000.

A Prose Poem.

"'Pop,' you must take this child in hand. I have had about all that I can stand. She has no notion of minding me; it is time you took her across your knee."

"Send her to me." said "Pop," with a frown. "It won't take me long to tone her down."

But how could he punish her? tell me, do; when she looked at him with her eyes of blue? Looked at him in the same glad way that her mother did in that far-off day when she was his sweetheart, and he her beau; how could he strike her, I'd like to know?

But still he took her upon his knee, and at once was lost in a reverie that carried him back to a shady street and a little maid whom he used to meet: a blue-eyed maid, whose counterpart now sat on his knee with a beating heart, waiting for him to forget those days and punish her for her sinful ways.

"Mom" peeped in through the half-closed door; they were playing "jacks" on the parlor floor; playing "jacks" and quarreling, too' just as two children are apt to do' She frowned, it was more than half caress—"I will have to punish them both, I guess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Learners, Then Breadwinners

In looking over the reports of one of orphan institutions we notice that the various departments of work are run as "big business." The idea seems to be how much money can be made out of the work done and to such line of business as will pay well and to make the item of the pay the important item. We are free to confess that the Thornwell Orphanage, we certainly look for results but without regard to profit on labors done from the standpoint of business. For instance, if we have an excess of lumber on hand, and could get a good price for it, we might dispose of it to get rid of it, but if we found that we could buy lumby the carload, dress it and dispose of it a fine price, although we might make much money by it we would not undertake it, first because we do not wish to overburden our boys or employ unneccessary workmen, and again we do not think it would be treating the regular shops right to do it.

Our idea is to teach our orphans that all the work done is done for educational purposes, even that part of it that is done for our own comfort, such as cooking, ironing, gardening and the like, things that are done for the use there is in it and the camfort of the ones who do it. We do not introduce any form of work in our cirriculum that we have not convassed with a view as to whether it is the best thing to be done. Now this theory of ours may be wrong, and we do not at all find fault with those who take a different view of the situtation. But we do not wish our pupils to be made into breadwinners just yet. They are learners and the product of their skill is not of the highest order.—Our Monthly.

The Blot as a Basis

The author of "True Wealth" tells of a friend who once showed Ruskin a costly handkerchief upon which a blot of ink had been made, saying, "It is spoiled, nothing can be done with that." But Ruskin carried the handkerchief away, and, using the blot as a brsis, made a fine design in India ink and then returned the handkerchief to the owner more beautiful and more valuable than ever before. Even so, our stained lives may under the master hand of God be fashioned into lives of beauty, and power, and glory.—Biblical Recorder.

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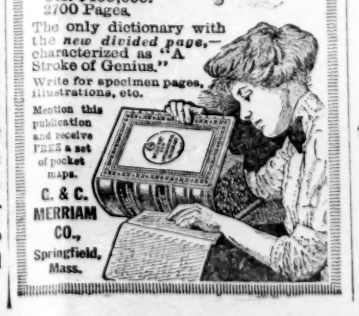

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HUMOROUS

One Of Them.

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection wes being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the plate, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegrapy.

* * * *

"My mother made me what I am," saik the political speaker as he proudly threw out his chest.

"Well," said a small man at the rear of the hall, "she must have put in most of her time at other things."—Chicago Recore-Herald.

* * * *

The small boy entered the store and said, "Give me a pound of tea."

"Black tea or green tea?" asked the grocer.

"Don't make no difference," answered the boy, "it's for a blind woman."—Successful Farming.

* * * *

And Vice-Versa.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "who were the two strongest men of olden times?"—

"Samson and Hercules,"

"Can you tell anything about them?"

"Oh, yes; Samson was a regular Hercules?"—St. Louis Star.

* * * *

Wise Walter.

"I gave Walter a beautiful necktie of my own make for a Christmas present," said Mabel.

"Was he pleased?"

"Oh, yes; he said its beauty shall be for no other eyes than his own. Wasn't that lovely of him?"—Lippincott's.

* * * *

Quartette of Greatness.

Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what great men were born in Feburaary?

Tommy—George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, St. Valentine, and Mr. Groundhog.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

* * * *

The Meanest Man.

"That fellow certainly is a dub."

"For why?"

"I told him I bossed my wife, and he went and told her."
—Louisville Couries-Journal.

* * * *

Too Cheap.

"Shall I dissolve another pearl in the chalice for your breakfast?" asked Charmion.

"No," replied Cleopatra. "Pearls are too inexpensive and common-place. Boil me an egg."
—Washington Star.

* * * *

—An Irshman was once brought before a magistrate charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he conid be so hardened a villain. "Please yer honor, I was trying to get a good "un.

* * * *

That new hired man of yours must have been a bookkeeper before he came to you.

Why so?

I notice that every time he stops work a few minutes he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear.—Puck.

* * * *

The master of one of our village schools was examining some boys on a diece of poetry which he had given them to prepare the night before.

They all said it excellently except one small boy at the bottom of the class. On being asked to say his lesson, he said;

"I can't remember it, sir."

Master (in a rage)—Why, what's your head made for?

Boy—To put my hat on sir.—Southern Ruralist.

* * * *

—Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a mistake and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are you dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike feebly.

"Sure you're a liar I don't know whether to believe you or not."

"Then I must be dead," said Mike, "for you would neve dare to call me a liar If I wor alive."

Ours A Foreign Missionary God,

It is interesting to trace the course of a mighty river back and up to its fountain-head, to stand beside some crystal spring as it wells up from the earth's deep heart and say: "Here starts the stream whose waters fertilize and bless a continent."

To find the fountain-head of Foreign Missions, whose waters centuries ago brought life and healing to our people and are yet to overspread and bless the world, we must go back and up till we reach the heart of God.

Across the seas of ether, God the Father looked, and beheld our little far-away foreign planet in its sin and misery and want. His great heart responded to our needs; and the first ship that ever bore a missionary away from the love and light of home to carry the gospel to a foreign shore sailed from the port of heaven. It bore Jesus Christ. It was sent by God the Father. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

If God the Father had lacked the spirit of Foreign Missions, we should have lacked a Saviour.

Having finished his atoning work, the Son of God, on Mount Olivet, is preparing to return to nis Father's House. Around him are grouped his Jewish disciples. They are thinking only of their own land and their own race. They are asking only about the restoration of the kingdom unto Israel.

But the Saviour's great heart took in heathen America as well as sacred Judea. He thought of pagan Europe, in whose forests our ancestors were roaming about in half-naked savagery, as well as of favored Galilee. So to those Jewish disciples he said, as his final and supreme command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

If God the Son had lacked the spirit of Foreign Missions, we should have lacked the knowledge of his gospel.

A few years later, to the members of the little church at Antioch, as they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said: "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed" on the first foreign missionary voyage that the world had ever seen.

Should not the home city or country be thoroughly evangelized before missionaries are sent abroad?

If so, Paul and Barnabas would not have been sent by the Holy Spirit from Asia, to begin the evangelization of Europe.

If so, Augustine, of Canterberry, would not have carried the gospel from Italy to England.

If so, England would not have given men and money to found churches in colonial America.

If so, no city should engage in County or State Mission work.

If so, no Christian, until perfectly sanctified himself, should seek the spiritual welfare of others.

Such a principal is fatal to Christianity, whose essence it is to radiate its blessings from individuals, cities, countries, out and out, "to the uttermost part of the earth." True, religion is like sunshine: shut it up, and it becomes darkness.

The moment Christianity is firmly rooted and self-propagating in Antioch, comes the command to the disciples there to send out foreign missionaries. It is not a suggestion. It is not a piece of advice: It is a direct order from God the Holy Spirit, giving practical effect to the examsle and command of God the Father and God the Son.

So form this immense and stil prevalently heathen city are "sent forth by the Holy Ghost." th first foreign missionaries of the cross, to begin that great and blessed work that brought Christian to our pagan ancestors, and that is to go on and on,

"Till every isle and nation
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the grert salvation,
And join the happy throng."

If God the Holy Ghost had laoked the spirit of foreign missions, we should have lacked the blessings of Chritianity.

When we protess indifferance to foreign mission, we proclaim at once our unlikeness and our disobedience to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. To be out of smypathy with foreign missions, is to be oet of symyathy with all three persons of the Blessed Trinity.—Egbert W. Smith.

How The Children Are Trained In The Home.

Continued from page one.

number of our boys were taught the shoemaker's trade, and became so far advanced that they could make a pair of shoes without the assistance of the shoemaker. But our shoe shop was next door to the printing office and our shoemaker boys learned the "ropes" in the printing office and while our shoemaker took a trip west one summer the boys established themselves so securely in the printing office during his absence that proper influence could not be brought to bear to induce them to abandon the printing office; so the work of manufacturing shoes was discontinued atthat time and has not been resumed since. However, the management of the Home is thinking of equipping our shoe shop with modern machinery and resuming this work some time in the near future.

We have almost all of the machinery that is needed for our wood-working shop, but for lack of space in the Industrial Building we are unable to use it, and practically all of the work is done by hand.

Our large fifty horse-power boiler is also in the Industrial building, and the boys learn to fire it. It is used to furnish steam for the launary and the school rooms in Rumple Hall are heated by steam from the Industrial Building. The task of firing the boiler carries a great deal of responsibility with it, and when this work is done by small boys there is always danger of serious trouble unless the one in charge gives it careful and regular attention. We have had many accidents with our boiler caused from letting the water get too low, but none of these were very serious. The boiler is now provided with a whistle which blows when the water gets too low. By this means the fireman is warned and a serious accident is thus avoided. Considering the amount of machinery and the size of some of the boys who work in our shops it is nothing less than wonderful that we have had such a few serious accidents. We can remember only two accidents in the history of our Home that might have proved fatal had not the boys been strong and healthy, and the medical attention of the best. One boy fell against a fast revolving cut-off saw, and was sawed so badly that little hope was entertained for his recovery. However he soon recovered, although he was picked up in pieces and sewed together, and at present he is one of our mainstays in the printing office. The other boy was injured seriously by becoming entangled in a belt and pulley, and had all of his clothes torn off of him and a leg broken besides being bruised considerably. Our boys are given due warning as to the dangers around our shops, and we hope by keeping everyone alert to these dangers that no other accidents of consequence will occur.

Now as to whether our boys are making use of this training along mechanicall ines, we would say as a rule they are. We have had a goodly number who have followed this profession after leaving the Home and these are climbing rapidly in their profession. One boy left the home ten years ago and accepted work as fireman at a cotton mill. Now he is Superintendent of a large and uptodate cotton mill in this State and is receiving the usual large salary paid such men. Of course he did not jump from fireman to superintendent, but learned the business from bottom to top, and the way he climbed was by the machinest's route, and he got his start as a machinest right here at Barium. We have still other boys who have gone out in the world and are holding lucrative positions in first class machine shops where they are perfectly at home.

Our Mechanical department is under the direction of Mr. George Radcliffe, of Charlotte, who is assisted by Mr. Rome Brown, of Troutmans. These men and their boys have a busy job the year round.

Men We Have Known in Church And State.

Continued from page one

The scene was one hard to forget the whole congregation that were not shouting, were singing.

"Awake my soul in joyful lays."

"And Uncle Bobby's red face was shining with unfeigned happiness.

Soon the meeting closed for the dinner in the grove, and as the congregation gathered under the trees, a young man from Milton who had just the gall necessary for it, approached Brother Forbes, saying, "Do you think Uncle Bobby is all safe now Brother Forbes?"

"I truly hope so my young brother." "Well! have you got a rifle handy, Brother Forbes?"

"Why No! we need no carnal weapon's."

"Well! he may last until ci'der beatin time but then, he's sure to slide." We believe however that Uncle Bobby died in full commnion with the old church known as "Connolly's meeting House.

In the earlier days of the church, it was such men as Bro. Forbes that got at the hearts of the plain people, and although he could claim no high attainments in scholarship. Nor would he have passed and received License to preach under present standards, he was a wonderful power for good, and now wears many stars in his crown.

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